

The Journal's Daily Short Story.

The Stinginess Of Grace

By MARTHA HUMPHREYS

Copyright, 1904, by T. C. McClure

"Who would ever have dreamed she was so stingy? Of course the more money you have in this world the more you want. She doesn't look like a girl who thought of nothing but money. Miserly people are supposed to have steady gray eyes and sharp chins, and she has the softest brown eyes and a dimple in her chin."

"Who has 'em?" asked Tom Bliss, rolling over languidly in his steamer chair.

"I was talking about Grace Patterson."

"Has she dimples and brown eyes?" asked Tom innocently.

His sister flung him a scornful glance.

"You ought to know. You have been hanging around her ever since you came down."

"Well, a fellow's got to do something when he's on his vacation," said Tom easily. "You can't expect him to turn woman hater when he's the only man to twosome of pretty women."

"That's just why I'm complaining. With so many pretty girls here I don't see why you should devote yourself to one."

Margaret Bliss would have objected to any woman her brother might have selected as the object of his attentions. Her love for the six footed bachelor, eldest of her brothers, was distinctly selfish, and she was glad the occasion had arisen to prove Miss Patterson far from perfect. Tom lighted a fresh cigarette, and the hand which tossed away the match patted his sister's head in patronizing fashion.

"And how has your ladyship been offended?"

"You know Jim Green, the man who has been on the beach boat for two seasons, died last night. All the boarders knew him, and of course we looked right into the matter and found out that he left his family almost penniless, so we are going to give a fair for their benefit. We asked Miss Patterson to make something for it, and she said she was too busy; then we asked her to preside at one of the tables or to raffie off the embroidered sofa cushion Mrs. Marshall is going to donate, and she said she didn't believe in raffies."

"My opinion of Miss Patterson improves," said the aggravating Tom.

"Many a time and oft have I been done at your raffies and raffies."

Margaret rose angrily.

"I might have known she was making some sort of a grand stand play. That sort of girl only cares to please the men."

Tom leaned back in his chair and smoked dreamily. He had rather enjoyed Miss Patterson's society, because she knew enough to steer a boat and not to screech when it shipped water. Now he felt a curious desire to know her better. A girl with tender brown eyes and a dimple in her chin rarely held decided opinions on such grave matters as hotel benefits and raffies. But she was not in sight at the present moment. Then he recalled that his stationery needed replenishing, and he started for the village store. It was a cheap imitation of the city department store, and as he was passing the dress goods counter on his way to the stationery department he heard a familiar voice say:

"Is that the best quality of nun's veiling you have?"

"It's enough better than anything she's been used to having," said the middle aged woman behind the counter.

Tom Bliss stopped short, an amused smile on his lips, for he could see that Miss Patterson was flushing indignantly at the woman's rudeness.

"Mrs. Green may not be able to buy another black dress soon, and I want to select something that will wear well and not turn rusty."

Tom spoke up. "Green, Green!" Why, that was the name of the man who had handled the life saving boat. Why was Grace Patterson shopping for his widow? He drew closer.

"I think the Henrietta cloth is better. You can give me ten yards of that and three yards of the crepe; also four yards of that lustrous black ribbon."

She turned suddenly, almost bumping into Tom.

"Won't you let me help?" he said, with a note in his voice that she did not recognize.

"No, thank you," she said, blushing prettily under his earnest gaze. "I think we have everything." He noticed the "we" and liked it.

"But the children," he urged—

"oughtn't they to have something; say, little black frocks?"

"No, there would be no time to make them. The funeral is tomorrow, you know. Besides, they're such babies to wear black."

"It would please the mother," he urged, possessed of a sudden madness to share in this shopping expedition.

Miss Patterson's eyes smiled frankly into his.

"Well, if you are so determined, we might get some ready made white dresses for the children with black ribbons and sashes. It may be a great comfort to Mrs. Green to feel that she and the family are so neatly garbed for the funeral."

"Just so," said Tom, pulling out his wallet.

The next fifteen minutes were busy ones for Grace Patterson. She had considerable difficulty in steering him away from lace trimmed lawn frocks to some simple little piques. Tom picked up the bundles as if he were proud of them.

"Where next?" he said cheerfully.

"I must leave this package at the dressmaker's, and then—well, there's really nothing else you can do, thank you."

"You are going to see Mrs. Green? Well, I'm going too."

From the dressmaker's they walked down the beach road to the humble house of mourning. Excited voices welcomed them. Frowzy neighbors were gathered on the front porch. Mrs. Green was bordering on hysteria. Tom watched in interested fashion while Grace brought order out of chaos.

One by one the useless neighbors took their departure. The children were coaxed into the shadow of an upturned boat to play with real cookies, candies and raisins which Grace produced from the depths of her Boston bag, and Mrs. Green, comforted with a bandage around her aching head and many kind words, was induced to lie down. Then Grace picked up the baby and carried him around to the shady side of the house. Tom followed, dragging a big rocking chair in which he insisted she should sit, while he sprawled in the sand at her feet. In the little room whose shutters were closed just behind them lay the man who had often risked his life that they might make merry in the water. A sorrow that was not personal fell upon them, and the man lay quite still looking out across the dancing water and thinking of many things.

Suddenly above his head sounded the soft, melting "coo" of a baby's voice. Without shifting his position, lest he should break the charm, Tom took in the picture. The laughing eyes of the girl were liquid and tender as she watched the baby on her knees. The dimples had disappeared and the lips were curved in a serious sweetness. This was not the girl who had been such a jolly good comrade on fishing and sailing jaunts. This was the woman he had been looking for all these years. And to think that he had not recognized her at once!

Her slender white hand was so close to his that he could hardly keep from clasping it. He pulled himself together and asked in a voice that sounded rather harsh by reason of his effort at self control:

"If you will do all this, why won't you help with the benefit up at the hotel?"

Grace started. She had been wondering whether the little mite in her

lap would some day grow up and fight against the sea for human lives.

"Oh, they're such silly things, you know! Everybody hates you for asking them to pay two or three times what a thing's worth, and by the time you have paid all the expenses the beneficiary doesn't get very much; besides it would be two weeks before the thing came off and Mrs. Green needed the clothes and the money now. I suppose a great many people think it's very queer, but father has always insisted on my keeping inside my allowance, and—well—I couldn't help with the benefit and help Mrs. Green today." She was floundering along almost blindly under the fierce light that glowed in Tom's eyes. "And so—and so—"

Tom had utterly forgotten what she was talking about. Her hand was caressing the baby's face. The man rose on one knee and drew her hand away from the chubby cheek, holding it firmly in his own.

"Grace, dear, I'm not half good enough for you, but do you think you could love me just a little?"

She looked at him tenderly. "I think I could love you a great deal." And the baby "cooed" and dimpled as he looked at the two heads so close together above his own.

WAIFS IN AUSTRALIA.

The State Finds Them Good Homes and Has No Orphanage.

Australia is a continent without an orphanage, a country without an orphan. Each waif is taken to a receiving house where it is cared for till a country home is found. The local volunteer societies canvass their neighborhoods and send to the children's committee of the destitute board the names of any families they have found where children may be placed. The children's committee selects the home which it judges is best adapted to the development of the child in question.

No child is placed in a family so poor that the child might suffer. The foster parent receives a sum averaging \$1.25 per week for the care of the child and for proper clothing. When of school age the child must be sent to school. The local volunteer committee looks after its care and culture, and zealous neighbors often assist in watching the growth and education of these happy children.

When the child is fourteen years old he begins to work. His earnings are placed in the Postal Savings bank, and at the age of seventeen or eighteen he goes out into the world an independent man. The state, at an expense of less than \$70 a year, has raised a man or woman to contribute to its wealth and prevented the manufacture of a criminal and the expense of courts, prisons and reformatories.

Have You Got Them?

Do you feel anxious and preoccupied when the gas man goes by?

Do you sleep badly?

Do you go to bed hungry?

Does your heart palpitate when you see a steak?

Is there an all gone feeling in your pocket?

Do you have nightmares?

Do you do mental arithmetic every time you contemplate the purchase of "coffee and?"

Have you a hunted look?

Do you walk down dark alleys when you go downtown?

Beware! Those are the symptoms. You're busted.—San Francisco Bulletin.

COMMODORE PLANT GOES TO BELLELAIRE, FLA.

Jacksonville, Fla., Jan. 13.—Commodore Mortimer F. Plant, son of the late Hon. H. B. Plant, passed through Jacksonville yesterday morning from New York to Bellelaire, Fla., in his private car Mona of the Chicago, Indianapolis & Louisville Railroad.

Mr. Plant was accompanied by his private secretary and a well-known northern architect. Mr. Plant is a stockholder in the Atlantic Coast Line Railway, a stockholder of the Peninsular and Occidental Steamship Company, which owns the Belleview Hotel, at Bellelaire, is a director and stockholder of the Southern Express Company and many other large and prosperous companies.

Mr. Plant will remain in Florida several days, then return to his home, where he will be joined by a party, who will take a yachting cruise. Last spring and summer he carried his yacht Ingomar across and entered her in the international yacht races. This yacht is one of the fastest sailers in the country, and made some excellent time at the yacht races.

The architect who is with Mr. Plant drew the plans for his magnificent home, now being erected on the banks of the river Thames across from New London. Mr. Plant was met at the union station by several friends.

Smith in the Race.

Macon, Ga., Jan. 13.—A special to the Telegraph from Rome, Ga., says the Evening Herald announces that it is in receipt of a letter from Hon. James M. Smith, of Oglethorpe, Ga., in which he says that he will make the race for governor of Georgia in 1908.

Mr. Smith, who is familiarly known as Georgia's millionaire farmer, was one of the four delegates at large from this state to the last national democratic convention.

Bids For Armor Plate.

Washington, Jan. 13.—Bids were opened at the navy department to-day for 7,828 tons of armor plate for the battleship New Hampshire and the armored cruisers Montana and North Carolina. The aggregate bid of the Carnegie and Bethlehem Companies was \$3,204,700, the first delivery to be made in six months.

The lowest bidder was the Midvale Steel Company, of Philadelphia, whose aggregate bid was \$3,125,781, delivery to begin August 25, at the rate of 500 tons a month.

F. E. BRAWNER'S DEPARTMENT STORE

... SAVES YOU MONEY! ...

We Have What we Advertise and Sell as Advertised.
All Guaranteed Unmatchable Values.

Ladies' Jackets.

Ladies' nicely trimmed Melton Jackets, all colors, worth \$4.00, at...\$2.99
Ladies' Kersey Jackets, Velvet trimmed, worth \$5, at...\$3.99
Tourelus' Coats, latest styles, Kerseys and Mixtures, \$4.98 up.
Children's Short and Long Coats, from 75c up.

Ladies' Shirt Waists.

Ladies' Flannelet Shirt Waists, sold elsewhere for 50c, my price...\$3
Ladies' All-Wool Tricot Waists, regular \$1.25 value, at...\$3
300 nicely trimmed and embroidered Flannel Waists, special...\$1.48
400 Ladies' White Mohair, extra value, at...\$3.60
New lines of Ladies' Walking Skirts, 98c. up.

Domestic, Homespun, Etc.

Fitchville Bleached Domestic 36 Inch Wide, per yard...7½
Lonsdale Bleached Domestic, 36 Inches Wide, per yard...8½

Domestic, Homespun, Etc.

(Continued.)
Pepperall Bleached Sheet-ing, 2 1/2 Yards Wide, per yard...22½
Pepperall Unbleached Sheet-ing 2 1/2 Yards Wide, per yard...20
Double Width American Percale, Neat Designs, per yard...7½
Simpson Gray and Black Calicoes, per yard...65
Pabben and Domino Check Gingham, Warranted Fast Colors, per yard...65
22-Inch All Wool Hom-spun and Ziberlins, per yard...38
60-Inch All Wool Flannels, All Colors, per yard...50
62-Inch All Wool Ladies Cloth, per yard...85

Blankets and Comforts.

\$1.25 and \$1.50 Blankets and Comforts at...98
200 Blankets and Comforts at...\$1.48
One lot Blankets, worth up to \$6.50, your choice at...\$4.98
One lot Comforts, worth up to \$3.50, your choice at...\$2.98

Men's Furnishings.

Men's Blue Flannel Shirts, \$1.50 value, for \$1.25
Men's Blue Flannel Shirts, \$1.50 value, for \$1.25
Men's Heavy Jersey Shirts, 75c value, for...49
Men's Fleece-Lined Underwear, the 50c kind, for...33
Men's All-Wool Underwear, several colors, \$1.25 values, for...38
Fine Jersey Ribbed Underwear, regular 75c value, at...50
Fine line of Men's Dress Gloves in plain and undressed Kids and Calf, unlined and silk lined; every pair will be sold at the manufacturer's price, ranging from 50c to...\$1.50

200 Men's Sample Caps, all styles and colors, at manufacturer's price...38
Full line "Towers' Fish Brand" Slickers, in black and yellow, at the lowest prices in town.

Men's Furnishings

(Continued.)
300 Men's Sample Caps, great variety of styles and colors, regular 25c goods, at...19
Full line "Towers' Fish Brand" Overall and Coats at \$1.25 and \$1.50
The largest and most complete line of Boys' Knee Pants in the city, 4 to 17 years, at 25, 38, 50 and...75
"Buster Brown" Suits in a number of patterns.
Big line Men's Suspenders, regular 25c seller, for...12
Big line Men's Fancy Half Hose, regular 25c sellers, at...12

Sweaters.

Children's All-Wool Sweaters at...50
Men's All-Wool Sweaters, \$1.25 value, at...38
Men's All-Wool Sweaters, regular \$2 value, at...150
Men's Heavy Fancy Style Sweaters at...80

A WHOLESALE AFFILIATION
Makes These Prices Possible.

On Sale From Today.
F. E. BRAWNER,
103-105 South Palafox St.

AGENTS FOR
STANDARD PATTERNS.

The Journal's Daily Fashion Feature



Showing a matron's cape of dark gray cloaking, trimmed with bands of panne in the same color, stitched with white. The caps may be lined with any pretty contrasting color of silk.

Of More Consequence.

A wise old negro lately listened in silence to a discussion on the divers social claims to distinction of several educated men and women of his race. The members of one family boasted of descent from wealthy merchants in the West Indies; others claimed kinship with a well known negro politician; still others asserted that their ancestors never had been slaves, but always were free.

At last the old man spoke: "Chillun," said he, with a rap of his cane, "I doan' know nothin' 'bout yo' ancestry, as you call it, but I do know that when I ust to spend weeks in de maple woods a-billin' down de serrup, when master he come an' 'spect de row ob kettles, he neber say, 'Uncle Garge, how high was de tree dat dis come out ob?' or eben, 'Whah is de tree dat dis come out ob?' but just, 'What kine ob sugar is it?'—Chums

Waste of Manure.

For seven years the Ohio experiment station has been studying in the field the question of conserving and re-enforcing barnyard manure. Director Charles E. Thorne says the result of this work is that manure which is thrown into an open barnyard and permitted to lie there during the five months of winter before it is drawn to the field loses much of its value as a fertilizer. The work of the field has been supplanted by analyses made in the chemical laboratory, which show that from two-thirds to three-fourths of the fertilizing constituents of the manure may be washed out of it during the five months of winter exposure. They also show a very considerable reduction in total dry substance, indicating that it has required considerably more than a ton of manure as thrown out of the stable to produce a ton as taken from the barnyard.

20

Per Cent Discount!

on all SHOES in our store. We want to reduce our stock before INVENTORY.

SALE NOW ON!

\$7.00 SHOES, NOW	\$5.60
6.50 SHOES, NOW	5.20
6.00 SHOES, NOW	4.80
5.50 SHOES, NOW	4.40
5.00 SHOES, NOW	4.00
4.00 SHOES, NOW	3.20
3.50 SHOES, NOW	2.80
3.00 SHOES, NOW	2.40
2.50 SHOES, NOW	2.00
2.25 SHOES, NOW	1.80
2.00 SHOES, NOW	1.60
1.75 SHOES, NOW	1.40
1.50 SHOES, NOW	1.20
1.25 SHOES, NOW	1.00
1.00 SHOES, NOW	.80c
75c SHOES, NOW	.60c
50c SHOES, NOW	.40c

NO GOODS ON APPROVAL.

SALE NOW ON.

MEYER SHOE CO.,

Feet Furnishers For Folks,
102S. Palafox Street.

**\$2.50, \$3.00 and \$3.50 Shoes For
\$1.89 Monday.**

One lot of Ladies' Shoes, regularly sold for above amounts, with turned soles, Patent Colt, Cuban, Military and French heels.

The Biggest Shoe Bargains

ever offered. See them in our window. It will pay you to watch our windows.

THE BOSTON SHOE STORE,

Phone 690, 117 S. Palafox Street, Pensacola

IF WE HAVE IT, IT IS THE BEST.

Gluten Flour For Invalids

This flour is made from large, full grain, with all the health-giving qualities retained

90 CENTS A SACK.

Sol Cahn & Co.

The Pure Food
Store.

The Store that Feeds
the People.

Phones 178 and 480

Read The Journal's Want Ads

FLORIDA CURIOS.

Live and stuffed alligator sea shells. Orange wood and palm souvenirs of every description.

Mrs. C. M. McClure,
Opera House Building, 107 East Government Street.

Kandy Kitchen Cafe

Best Meals, Best Lunches.
Quick Courteous Service.
104 So. Palafox.

OPERA HOUSE

ONE NIGHT ONLY!

Monday, January 16.

**GORTON'S
.. MINSTRELS ..**

THIS SEASON EVERYTHING ENTIRELY NEW.

BRILLIANT COMEDIANS!
BRILLIANT SINGERS!
BRILLIANT PERFORMERS!

PRICES—25, 50 and 75 cents.
Seats on sale Friday at noon.

STATIONERY

ALWAYS UP-TO-DATE.

C. V. Thompson's
No. 30 S. Palafox.

Everything selected in view of offering the very best values.

NEAT APPEARANCE

A Good Recommendation

FOR \$1.00 PER MONTH.
WE WILL KEEP YOUR CLOTHES IN GOOD SHAPE
Pensacola Pressing Club
E. L. REESE, Prop.
J. WEBB, Manager.